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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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1855, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.)

CHAPTER VII.

The visit of Hendrickson was an hour too late. Dexter had already been there, and pressed his suit to a formal issue. The bold suitor had carried off the prize, while the timid one yet hesitated. Jessie went back to her room, after her interview with Paul Hendrickson, in spiritual stature no longer a girl's developed girl, but a woman grown. The girl's strength would no longer have sustained her. Only the woman's soul, strong in principle and strong to endure, could bear up now. And the woman's soul shuddered in the conflict of passions that came like furies to destroy her—shuddered and bent, and writhed like some strong forest-tree in the maddening whirl of a tempest. But there was no faltering of purpose. She had passed her word—had made a solemn life-compact, and she resolved to die, but not to waver.

The question as to whether she was right or wrong, it is not for us here to decide. We but record the fact. Few women after such a discovery would have ventured to move on a step farther. But Jessie was not an ordinary woman. She possessed a high sense of personal honor; and looked upon any pledge as a sacred obligation. Having consented to become the wife of Leon Dexter, she saw but one right course, and that was to perform, as best she could, her part of the contract.

How envied she was! Many wondered that Dexter should have turned aside for a portionless girl when he might have led a jeweled bride to the altar. But though superficial, he had taste and discrimination enough to see that Jessie Loring was superior to all the maidens whom it had been his fortune to meet. And so, without pausing to look deeply into her heart, or take note of its peculiar aspirations and impulses, he boldly pressed forward resolved to win. And he did win; and in winning, thought, like many another foolish man, that to win the loveliest, was to secure the highest happiness. Fatal error! Doubly fatal!

It is impossible for any woman to pass through an ordeal like the one that was testing the quality of Jessie Loring, and not show signs of the inward strife. It is in no way surprising, therefore, that, in her exterior, a marked change soon became visible. There was a certain dignity and reserve, verging, at times, on coldness, not seen prior to her engagement—and a quiet suppression of familiarity, even with her most intimate friends. The same marked change was visible in her intercourse with Mr. Dexter. She did not meet him with that kind of repulsion which is equivalent to pushing back with the hand. She accepted his loving ardor of speech and act; but passively. There was no responsive warmth.

At first Mr. Dexter was puzzled, and his ardent feelings chilled. He loved, admired, almost worshipped the beautiful girl from whose consent had been extorted, and her quiet, cold manner troubled him sorely. Glimpses of the real truth dawned into his mind. He let his thoughts go back, and went over again, in retrospection, every particular of their intercourse—dwelling minutely upon her words, looks, manner and emotions at the time he first pressed his suit upon her. The result was far from being satisfactory. She had not met his advances as he had hoped; but rather fled from him—and he had gained her only by pursuit. Her assent had not come warmly from her heart, but burdened with a sigh. Mr. Dexter felt though she was his, that she had not been fairly won. The conviction troubled him.

"I will release her," he said, in a sudden glow of generous enthusiasm. But Mr. Dexter had not the nobility for such a step. He was too selfish a man to relinquish the prize.

"I will woo and win her still." This was to him a more satisfactory conclusion. But he had won all of her in his power to gain. Her heart was to him a sealed book. He could not unclasp the volume, nor read a single page.

Earnestly at times did Jessie strive to appear attractive to the eyes of her betrothed—to meet his ardor with returning warmth. But the effort was accompanied with so much pain that suffering was unable to withdraw wholly beneath a veil of smiles.

The woody, restless pleasure evinced by Mrs. Loring was particularly annoying to Jessie; so much so that any allusion by her aunt to the approaching marriage was almost certain to cloud her brow. And yet so gratified was this worldly-minded woman at the good fortune of her niece in securing so brilliant an alliance, that it seemed as if, for a time, she could talk of nothing else.

Mr. Dexter urged an early marriage, while Jessie named a period nearly a year in advance; but as she could give no valid reason for delaying their happiness so long, the time was shortened to four months. As the day approached the pressure on the heart of Miss Loring grew heavier.

"Oh, if I could die!" How many times in the silence of night and in the loneliness of her chamber did her lips give forth this utterance. But the striving spirit could not lay down its burden thus.

Not once, since the exciting interview we have described, had Paul and Jessie met. At places of

fashionable amusement she was a constant attendant in company with Dexter, who was proud of her beauty. But though her eyes searched everywhere in the crowded audiences, in no instance did she recognize the face of Hendrickson. In festive companies, where he had been a constant attendant, she missed his presence. Often she heard him inquired after, yet only once did the answer convey any intelligence. It was at a large party.

"Where is Mr. Hendrickson? It is a long time since I have seen him," she heard a lady say. Partly turning she recognized Mrs. Denison as the person addressed. The answer was in so low a tone that her ear did not make it out, though she listened with suspended breath.

"Ah! I'm sorry," responded the other. "What is the cause?"

"A matter of the heart, I believe," said Mrs. Denison.

"Indeed! Is he very much depressed?"

"He is changed," was the simple remark of Mrs. Denison.

"Who was the lady?"

Jessie did not hear the answer.

"You don't tell me so!" In a tone of surprise, and the lady glanced around the room.

"And he took it very much to heart!" she went on.

"Yes. I think it will modify his whole life," said Mrs. Denison. "He is a man of deep feeling—somewhat peculiar; over diffident; and not given to showing himself off to the best advantage. But he is every inch a man—all gold and no tinsel! I have known him from boyhood, and speak of his quality from certain knowledge."

"He will get over it," remarked the lady.

"Men are not apt to go crazy after pretty girls. The market is full of such attractions."

"It takes more than a painted butterfly to dazzle him, my friend," said Mrs. Denison.

"His eyes are too keen, and go below the surface at a glance. The woman he loves may regard the fact as a high testimonial."

"But you don't suppose he is going to break his heart over this matter?"

"No—oh, no! That is an extreme disaster."

"He will forget her in time; and there are good fish in the sea yet."

"Time is the great restorer," said Mrs. Denison; "and time will show, I trust, that good will come of this severe trial which my young friend is now enduring. These better natures are oftenest exposed to furnace heat, for only they have gold enough to stand the ordeal of fire."

"He is wrong to shut himself out from society."

"So I tell him. But he says—wait—wait, I am not strong enough yet."

"He must, indeed, take the matter deeply to heart."

"He does."

Here the voice fell to such a low measure that Jessie lost all distinction of words. But the few sentences which had reached her ears disturbed her spirit profoundly—too profoundly to wake even a ripple on the surface. No one saw a change on her countenance, and her voice, answering a moment after to the voice of a friend, betrayed an unusual sign of feeling.

And this was all she had heard of him for months.

Once, a little while before her marriage, she met him. It was a few weeks after these brief, unsatisfactory sentences had troubled the waters of her spirit. She had been out with her aunt for the purpose of selecting her wedding attire; and, after a visit to the dressmaker's, was returning alone, her aunt wishing to make a few calls at places where Jessie did not care to go. She was crossing one of the public squares when the thought of Hendrickson came suddenly into her mind. Her eyes were cast down at the moment. Looking up involuntarily she paused, for, within a few paces was the young man himself, approaching from the opposite direction. He paused also, and they stood with eyes riveted upon each other's faces—both, for a time, too much embarrassed to speak. Their hands had mutually clasped, and Hendrickson was holding that of Jessie tightly compressed within his own.

The first to regain self-possession was Miss Loring. With a quick motion she withdrew her hand, and moved back a single step. The mantling flush left her brow, and the startled eyes looked calmly into the young man's face.

"Have you been away from the city, Mr. Hendrickson?" she inquired, in tones that gave but few signs of feeling.

"No." He could not trust himself to utter more than a single word.

"I have missed you from the old places," she said.

"Have you? It is something even to be missed!" He could not suppress the tremor in his voice.

"Good-morning!"

Jessie almost sprang past him, and hurried away. The tempter was at her side; and she felt it to be an hour of weakness. She must yield or fly—and she fled; fled with rapid, unsteady foot, pausing not until the door of her own chamber shut out all the world and left her



THE MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

alone with Hendrickson. Weak, trembling, exhausted, she bowed herself, and in anguish of spirit prayed—

"Oh, my Father, sustain me! Give me light, strength, patience, endurance. I am walking darkly; and the way is rough and steep. Let me not fall. The floods roar about me—let me not sink beneath them. My heart is failing under its heavy burden. Oh, bear me up! The sky is black—show me some rift in the clouds, for I am fainting in this rayless night. And oh, if I dare, I pray for him—if the desire for his happiness springs from no wrong sentiment—let this petition find favor. As he asked that I might be kept spotless as the angels, so keep him; and after he has passed through the furnace, let the smell of fire be upon him. Send him a higher blessing than that which he has lost. Oh, Lord! give strength to both—especially to her whose voice is now ascending, for she is weakest, and will have most to endure."

For a long time after the murmur of prayer had died on her lips, Jessie remained prostrate. When she arose at last, it was with a slow, weary movement, dreary eyes, and absent manner. The shock of this meeting had been severe—disturbing her too profoundly for even the soothing influence of prayer. She did not arise from her knees comforted—scarcely strengthened. A kind of numbing stupor followed.

"What ails the girl?" Mrs. Loring said to herself, as she vainly strove at dinner time to draw her forth into lively conversation. "She gets into the strangest states—just like her poor mother! And like her, I'm afraid sometimes, will make herself and every one else around her miserable. I pity Leon Dexter, if this is so. He may find that his caged bird will not sing. Already the notes are few and far between; and little of the old sweetness is in them."

CHAPTER VIII.

A few days after the meeting between Mr. Hendrickson and Miss Loring, as just mentioned, Mr. Dexter received the following communication:

"Dear Sir—I am scarcely well enough acquainted with you to venture this note and request; but I happen to know of something so vital to your happiness, that I cannot feel conscience-clear and not ask an interview. I shall be at home this evening.

"ALICE DENISON."

Early in the evening, Dexter was at the house of Mrs. Denison.

"You have frightened me, my dear madam!" he said, almost abruptly, as he entered the parlor, where he found her awaiting him.

"I have presumed on a slight acquaintance, Mr. Dexter, to ask an interview on a very delicate subject," Mrs. Denison replied. "May I speak freely, and without danger of offending, when no offence is designed?"

"I have not had the pleasure of knowing you intimately, Mrs. Denison," replied the visitor. "but it has been no fault of mine. I have always held you in high regard; and always been gratified with our passing intercourse on the few occasions it has been my privilege to meet you. That you have felt enough concern for my welfare to ask this interview, gratifies me. Say on—and speak freely. I am eager to hear."

"You are about to marry Jessie Loring," said Mrs. Denison.

"I am," and Dexter fixed his eyes with a look of earnest inquiry upon her face.

Mrs. Denison had come to the subject more abruptly than she at first intended, and she was already in doubt as to her next remark; but there could be no holding back now.

"Are you sure, Mr. Dexter, that you possess her undivided heart?"

"I marvel at your question, madam!" he answered, with a start, and in a tone of surprise.

"Calmly, my friend," and Mrs. Denison, who was a woman of remarkably clear perceptions, laid her hand upon his arm. "I am not questioning idly, nor to serve any sinister or hidden purpose—but am influenced by higher motives. Nor am I acting at the instance of another. What passes between us this evening shall be sacred. I said that I knew of some-

thing vital to your happiness; therefore I asked this interview. And now ponder well my question, and be certain that you get the right answer."

Dexter let his eyes fall. He sat for a long while silent, but evidently in earnest thought.

"Have you her full, free, glad assent to the approaching union?" asked Mrs. Denison, breaking in upon his silence. She saw a shade of impatience on his countenance as he looked up, and checked the words that were on his lips, by saying,

"Marriage is no light thing, my young friend. It is a relation which, more than any other, makes or mars the future; and when entered into, should be regarded as the most solemn act of life. Here all error is fatal. The step once taken, it cannot be retraced. Whether the path be rough or even, it must be pursued to the end. If the union be harmonious—internally so, I mean—peace, joy, interior delight will go on, finding daily increase—if inharmonious, eternal discord will curse the married partners. Do not be angry with me then, for pressing the question—Have you her full, free, glad assent to the approaching union? If not, pause—for your love-freighted bark may be drifting fast upon the breakers—and not yours only, but hers."

"I have reason to fear, Mr. Dexter," continued Mrs. Denison, seeing that her visitor did not attempt to reply, but sat looking at her in a kind of bewildered surprise, "that you pressed your suit too eagerly, and gained a half-unwilling consent. Now, if this be so, you are in great danger of making shipwreck. An ordinary woman—worldly, superficial, half-hearted, or no-hearted—even if she did not really love you, would find ample compensation in your fortune, and in the social advantages it must secure. But depend upon it, sir, these will not fill the aching void that must be in Jessie Loring's heart, if you have no power to fill it with your image—for she is no ordinary woman. I have observed her carefully since this engagement, and I grieve to see that she is not happy. Have you seen no change?"

Mrs. Denison waited for an answer.

"She is not so cheerful; I have noticed that," replied the young man.

"Have you ever questioned in your own mind as to the cause?"

"Often."

"And what was the solution?"

"I remain ignorant of the cause."

"Mr. Dexter: I am not ignorant of the cause!"

"Speak, then, in Heaven's name!"

The young man betrayed a deeper excitement than he wished to manifest. He had been struggling with himself.

"Her heart is not with you!" said Mrs. Denison, with suppressed feeling. "It is a hard saying, but I speak it in the hope of saving both you and the maiden, from a life of wretchedness."

"By what authority and under what instigation do you say this?" was demanded almost angrily. "You are going a step too far, madam!"

The change in his manner was very sudden.

"I speak from myself only," replied Mrs. Denison, calmly.

"If her heart is not mine, whose is it?"

Dexter showed considerable excitement.

"I am not her confidant."

"Who is? somebody must speak from her, if I am to credit your assertions?"

"Calm yourself, my young friend," said Mrs. Denison; "there are signs which a woman can read as plainly as if they were written words; and I have felt too deep an interest in this matter not to have marked every sign. Miss Loring is not happy—and the shadow upon her spirit grows darker every day. Before this engagement, her glad soul looked ever out in beauty from her eyes; now—but I need not describe to you the change. You have noted its progress. Is it an extreme conclusion that her heart is not in the alliance she is about to form?"

A long silence followed.

"If you were certain that I am right—if, with her own lips, Jessie Loring were to confirm what I have said—what then?"

"I would release her from this engagement; and she might go her ways. The world is wide."

high sense of responsibility, has simply discharged a painful duty. I have no personal or private ends to gain; all I desire is to save two hearts from making shipwreck. If successful, I shall have my reward."

"One question, Mrs. Denison," said Dexter, as they were about separating. "Its answer may give me light, and the strength to go forward. I have marked your words and manner very closely; and this is my conclusion:—You not only believe that I do not possess the love of Jessie Loring, but your thought points to another man whom you believe does rule in her affections. Am I wrong?"

The suddenness of the question confused Mrs. Denison. Her eyes sunk under his gaze, and for some moments her self-possession was lost. But, rallying herself, she answered:

"Not wholly wrong."

Dexter's countenance grew dark.

"His name!—give me his name!"

He spoke with agitation.

"That is going a step too far," said Mrs. Denison, with firmness.

"Is it Hendrickson?"

Dexter looked keenly into the lady's face.

"A step too far, sir," she repeated. "I cannot answer your inquiry."

"You must answer it, madam!" He was imperative. "I demand the yes or no. Is it or is it not Paul Hendrickson?"

"Your calmer reason, sir, will tell you tomorrow that I was right in refusing to give any man's name in this connection," replied Mrs. Denison. "I am pained to see you so much disturbed. My hope was that you would go to Miss Loring in the grave dignity of manhood. But, while in this spirit of angry excitement, I pray you keep far from her."

"Hendrickson is the man!" said Dexter, his brows still contracting heavily. "But if he still hopes to rival me in Jessie's love, he will find himself vastly in error. No, no, madam! If it is for him you are interested, you had better give it up. I passed him in the race long ago."

A feeling of disgust arose in the mind of Mrs. Denison, mingled with a stronger feeling of contempt. But she answered without a visible sign of either.

"I am sorry that you have let the form of any person come in to give right thought and honorable purpose a distorting bias. I did hope that you would see Miss Loring under the influence of a better state. And I pray you still to be calm, rational, generous, manly. Go to her in a noble, unselfish spirit. If you love her truly you desire her happiness; and to make her happy, would even release her pledged hand, were such a sacrifice needed."

"You give me credit for more virtue than I claim to possess," was answered, a little sarcastically. "Love desires to hold, not lose its object."

"Enough, my young friend," said Mrs. Denison, in her calm, earnest way. "We will not bandy words—that would be fruitless. I grieve that you should have misunderstood me in even the least thing, or let the slightest suggestion of a sinister motive find a lodgment in your mind. I have had no purpose but a good one to serve, and shall be conscience-clear in the matter. A more delicate task than this was never undertaken. That I have not succeeded according to my wishes, is no matter of surprise."

"Good-evening, madam!"

Dexter bowed with a cold formality.

"Good-evening!" was mildly returned.

And so the young man went away.

"I fear that only harm will come of this," said Mrs. Denison, as she retired from the door. "I meant it for the best, and pray that no evil may follow the indiscretion, if such it be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXCELLENT ADVICE FROM A HIGH SOURCE.

—Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will be troublesome to you in after-time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.—Sir Mathew Hale.

A WOMAN'S GROWING OLD.

If women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a travelling-dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people being "not a whit altered"—just the same as ever—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to retrograde; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of "too late to improve"—"too old to learn," &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

HOW LOUIS NAPOLEON ESCAPED FROM HAM.—I recorded, during the last days of December, that one of the first guests at breakfast at the Elysée was the curé of the fortress at Ham, who had been the Prince's spiritual adviser, as well as one of his principal social resources during his imprisonment; and at the same breakfast was likewise present the faithful dog, who had been his more constant companion, and, most unwittingly, had nearly destroyed his master's chance of escape. I premise that I never was at Ham, and have no personal acquaintance with the locality, but repeat the story as it was told at the time to me:—"The Prince, disguised as one of the file of workmen going forth to their dinner, had passed the drawbridge, when the director, whose duty it was to examine them in passing, caught his eye, and turned to interrogate the foreman as to his identity, when his attention was diverted by some defect in a work then in progress. Whilst his inquiries in reference to this were going on, the line of workmen passed out, and the Prince among them. He then took a separate direction, which had been before arranged, to the summit of a bare acclivity. Casting his eyes around, he saw that his dog, which had been shut up to prevent the chance of betrayal, had made his escape, had caught sight of him, known him in spite of his disguise, and was bounding and careering after him at full speed, little aware how fatal, at such a moment, would be any habitual demonstration of his affection. Had the Prince hurried his pace whilst yet in sight, that very act would probably have caused instant suspicion. With what intense anxiety had he, therefore, to calculate the possibility of passing the brow of the hill before this unconscious cause of danger reached him. The intermediate summit of the undulating ground was already behind him, and just concealed him from the fortress, when the delighted animal jumped upon his shoulder, and was welcomed in safety, and, I understand, has never since left him." How much of future political destiny, perhaps, hung upon the comparative speed at which the dog and his master had passed the intervening distance.—*A Year of Revolution in Paris, by Lord Normanby.*

PAINTING ON GLASS.—There is a common opinion that the ancient art of glass painting is completely lost. This, however, is so far from being true, that it is now carried to a much higher degree of perfection than ever before, except in one particular color, and even that is very nearly approached to. We can blend the colors, and produce the effects of light and shadow, which the ancients could not do, by harmonizing and mixing the colors in such a manner, and fixing by properly enamelling and burning them, that they shall afterwards become just as permanent as those of the ancients, with the additional advantage of superior art. In modern times, glass-painting has been carried to the greatest perfection at Zurich. The process is effected chiefly by colors derived from metals. The colors are laid on by fluxes, as soft glass and easily vitrified bodies. The colors are affixed by annealing the metals to the glass.

"DOING" THE ENGLISH.—A Calcutta paper states, that at Pubna, the authorities have been in the habit of giving a reward for wild animals killed. The money was often paid without any close inspection of the heads. One day about two hundred heads (mostly of tigers) were brought into Pubna for the usual reward. The Assistant Magistrate, moved by the extraordinary number, went to examine them more closely. He gave one of the heads a kick, when it proved to be made up of mud, &c., with tufts stuck in and patched over with pieces of tiger's skin. Another and another was kicked with the same result; in fact, only some twenty turned out to be genuine. One of the men who brought them in confessed that this practice had been carried on for years. They were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The following is an abstract of the recent message of Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania:—

The finances of the State are in a very satisfactory condition, and all demands for the treasury for the past year have been promptly paid. The Governor says:—

"In three years the public debt has been decreased, by actual payment and without resorting to the expedient of temporary loans, one million eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars and fifty-two cents. If to this be added the sum of four hundred and thirty-two thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars and twenty-nine cents, (\$414,920.29), now in the sinking fund, and applicable to the payment of the funded debt, the reduction will be two millions two hundred and thirty-one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars and eighty-one cents, (\$2,231,777.81)."

"These facts are not only gratifying but encouraging. It has already been stated that there is in the Sinking Fund the sum of seven millions five hundred thousand dollars—bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, bearing interest at the rate of five per centum, per annum, payable semi-annually, and pledged to the payment of the funded debt. If this sum be added to the reduction before stated, we have presented to us a total, if not an actual decrease of the State debt, of nine millions seven hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars and eighty-one cents, (\$9,731,777.81); showing the total funded and unfunded debt of the State on the first day of December, 1857, to have been thirty-one millions nine hundred and sixty-six thousand eight hundred and eighteen dollars and forty-one cents, (\$31,966,841.41)."

"In anticipation of the sale of the Main Line and the decrease of the public debt, the State tax, by an Act of the last regular session, was reduced from three to two and one-half mills on the dollar, a reduction equal to one-sixth of the tax imposed for State purposes prior to that Act. These facts speak for themselves. Well may the people be congratulated on such an auspicious beginning in the process of liquidation, and we may with confidence anticipate the day of their deliverance from State taxation. Financial and commercial embarrassments may postpone—notwithstanding unwise legislation and the imprudent or dishonest management of our finances, can prevent the early realization of their well-founded anticipations."

"During the past year the public debt has been reduced \$2,231,777.81. The expenditures for the public works exceeded the revenues \$4,107.65."

"The sale of the Main Line is spoken of as a subject for congratulation, and the sale of the remaining divisions of the Public Works is recommended."

"The Governor also mentions the three mill tax on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, as an oppressive burden, and expresses his disapproval of the State, and no longer warranted by the reason for its original imposition, interference of the railroad with the revenues of the State canal, and he strongly urges its repeal."

"It is stated that the tax of one-quarter of one per cent. on the capital stock of the banks accepting the Relief Act has defrayed the whole expense of the execution of the Legislature, and left in the treasury a surplus of \$35,000."

"The Governor's views relative to banks and banking capital, as expressed in previous messages, remain unchanged. He suggests reforms, condemns unlimited credits by corporations and individuals, and declares that a system of free banking, based on undoubted public securities, and conducted in such a manner as to ensure the safety of the deposits, will be the best and most profitable means of securing the convertibility of bank notes, is preferable to the present system."

"The present low tariff, in connection with the warehousing system of the General Government, is regarded as a principal cause of our depressed industry and financial disasters, and the enactment of a protective revenue law by Congress is deemed a necessary means of recovery."

"The abandonment of the protective policy, as embodied in the Tariff Act of 1842, was resisted by Pennsylvania with a unanimity almost unparalleled in her history. Her representatives in both branches of the National Congress strenuously opposed the repeal of that Act. The evils under which we are now suffering were predicted, as a consequence of such repeal. But other counsels prevailed, the Act was repealed, and the industry of the country exposed to a ruinous competition with the cheap labor of foreign nations. The disastrous effects of the repeal, were postponed by the operation of causes well understood by every intelligent citizen. Famine abroad produced an unprecedented demand for our breadstuffs, and the gold of California, although it may have added to the excitement of our progress, and contributed its full share in producing financial disaster, and commercial embarrassment, in millions, supplied the means of paying the overwhelming balances against us on our foreign importations."

"Under the present system of low duties, the excess of imports over exports has been beyond the most extravagant wants of the country. They have been enormous and ruinous—destructive of domestic industry, and involving the home manufacturer and home laborer in one common ruin. We have imported more than we could pay for, and much more than we needed. Pennsylvania abounds in iron ore. Iron and its manufactures are justly regarded as important elements of her material wealth; and from her abundance, if properly fostered and protected by a wise national policy, could supply the markets of the world; and yet, since the passage of the Act of 1842, we have imported of iron and steel and their manufactures more than two hundred millions of dollars in value; paid for in gold or our bonds and stocks, now held by foreign capitalists—the interest on which adds to the burdens imposed upon us by our foreign indebtedness. The same is true of many other important branches of home industry. Many millions in value of cotton and woollen goods have, during the same period, been imported, and should have been made in our own workshops, should have been woven on American, and not on British, French or German looms."

"The Governor renews his suggestion in favor of establishing an Agricultural Bureau, in connection with one of the State departments. He says further:—

"The Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania, an institution incorporated by the Legislature in 1855, is entitled to the special attention of the friends of agriculture. In the teaching of this institution, the scientific and the practical are united; and whilst the art of farming and all that pertains to the management, business and work of a farm, will be the subject of instruction, the natural sciences, in their relation and application to practical agriculture will be taught. The student of the institution will be enabled to test, in his daily occupation, the truth and value of the knowledge communicated."

"Much of the land connected with the school has been successfully cultivated during the past year. Orchards of every variety of fruit and hedges have been planted, and many valuable improvements made. A double storied barn, large and convenient, as also the farmer's house and part of the out-buildings have been erected and occupied."

"From the report of the trustees we learn that a contract has been made for the erection of an edifice calculated for the residence of professors, lecture halls and dormitories for students, to be built of stone, four stories high, two hundred and thirty-three feet in front, with wings, and to cost fifty-five thousand dollars. This building is already in progress, and it is hoped that a part of it may be put under roof and be so far completed as to enable the Board to make arrangements to receive a few students before the close of the current year. The Legislature, at their last session, appropriated fifty thousand dollars to this institution, one-half of which has been paid; the remaining twenty-five thousand dollars to be paid on condition that an equal sum be realized from other sources, within three years from the passage of the act making the appropriation."

"The objects and character of this institution—its relation to agricultural knowledge, and as

the pioneer in the great work of agricultural education, commend it to the generous patronage of the Legislature, and to the confidence and liberality of the people of the Commonwealth."

The interests of education are warmly urged on the Legislature, and the institution of county superintendents, and of Normal Schools for the education of teachers, regarded as wise and useful measures.

The Governor repeats his protest against "local," "special," and "omnibus legislation," and advises a revision of the militia laws of the State, and the encouragement of the volunteer companies. He also recommends the erection, in the public grounds of the Capital, of a monument in honor of the citizen soldiers of Pennsylvania who fell in the Mexican war.

Professor Rogers' Geological Report of the State, is said to be rapidly approaching completion. The first volume will be issued in a few days, and the last be delivered before, or immediately after, the adjournment of the Legislature. The execution of the work is warmly praised.

In reference to general politics, the Governor says:—

"In my last annual communication to the General Assembly, my sentiments were fully expressed in reference to reform in the naturalization laws, and the admission of applicants to the right of citizenship—to the preservation of the purity of elections, by the prevention and punishment of fraudulent and illegal voting; and the enactment of a judicious registry law—to freedom as the great centre truth of American republicanism—the great law of American nationality—to the rights of the States, as independent sovereignties, and the power and duty of the General Government to prevent the extension of the institution of slavery to the free territories of the Union—to the wrongs of Kansas, as manifested in the violation of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, by the General Government, in its attempts, by the military power of the country and otherwise, to defeat the will of the majority in that Territory; wrongs still existing and aggravated by recent outrages on the rights and privileges of that people, and approved by high National Executive authority. To the views then presented, you are respectfully referred."

"The election at Harrisburg of a house for the use of the Chief Magistrate of the State, is recommended; and the present salary is said to be totally inadequate."

The Governor concludes his Message with saying that he will retire from his office more cheerfully than he entered it, and commits his administration to the judgment of impartial history."

From the Jersey (England) Times of Dec. 10.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Bismarck, a French physician in the service of the Emperor of India, and published in the *Le Pays* (Paris paper) under the date of Calcutta, Oct. 8:—

"I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party:—'On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. The light duties which had been assigned to us, seemed to us now a mockery, and we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A sudden fever, consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially at day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and, apparently, dead. I sat beside her, resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination of sleep, in spite of the continued roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood up beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed: 'Diana, you hear it! Diana, you hear it! I'm no dreamer, it's the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!' Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the battery, and I heard her cry success to the men. 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan to the Macgregors, the grandest of them all! Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had rushed to the spot burst out again, and the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—'Will you no believe it now? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Highlanders are coming! D'ye hear it? At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was the pibroch of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured words of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears: 'Should acquaintance be forgot? &c. After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his return, and health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

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THE LOGAN GRAZIER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

BURN'S GENEROSITY.—Burn is said to have

...but a beautiful poem appeared anonymously

Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray

Without there was a good moon up,
Which left its shadows far within;
The death of him that is not dead!

he mirror shed a clearness found.

I knew the calm as of a choice
made in God for me to abide.

HEAR IN EACH HOUR, CREPT OFF; AND THEN
THE RUMMED SILENCE SPREAD AGAIN;

glory unto the Newly-Born!"

the heart only understands.

As some who had sat unawares late, now heard the hour, and rose.

but suddenly turned back again ; and all her features seemed in pain with woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned

Another bowed herself and wept, and both my arms fell, and I said : God knows I knew that she was dead

OSTER'S GREATNESS.—Webster

of his mind, often belittled his
teats his greatness. But this ver-

stitution, and upon which nobody else has any accurate and defined view, it all

troubled with the difficulties which baffled them. In truth, to apply

and intellectual. The admirable precision of thought, and the

yet vivid mind. The greatest for

re in forms and shapes which, unless carefully studied, do not fascinate or

American Oratory.

who walk a springing, bounding, drag and drawl in everything in a mental snap and spring.

show. Those who in walking, re-

If a gun be discharged at a distance from us, we all know that we can see the smoke before we hear the report and are aware, therefore, that the shot has been fired. In the same manner, I saw the prisoner side up to the prosecutor; judge.

longest-sighted, a man a mile off is a small object; in doing which he drew out also a pocket-book, which I distinctly saw fall on the pavement: the prisoner stooped down, picked

able. Light travels, in round numbers, 192,000 miles in a second; if, therefore, we were gifted

"We must, if you please, rise sixty millions of miles and witness the transaction again," said the judge; "and pray, sir, look attentively

I had been speculating whether instruments would ever be invented to give us this won-

by his saying, after narrating an incident which had converse with a friend, when I was struck I was walking along a London street, in some of our places in court."

twelve jurymen. "Prisoner," said the judge rising, "we have

"Just so; time since an incident by the dis-

"Then you don't know of our recently acquired faculty of transferring our consciousness at will to any point, however remote!"

not possessed the power so long that I cannot in some sort appreciate your feelings on hearing of his escape. But a practical justice is able with their own eyes to see the offence com-

of offending—come in with me, and you will soon know all about it."

When the alleged robbery took place.

SOMETHING FOR THE ORIGINALITES.—The "minute critics" who are always on detective duty for plagiarisms and who continually

"About five o'clock in the afternoon,"

choose to accompany us, to the distance the
prosecutor, in comparison to our ignorance,
mind is not enslaved by theirs, makes use of

not a standing still, just as if every one has the strong-
est desire to get out of the city quickly."

no one, not even myself, but I had a kind of consciousness that my friend, the judge, and the

"Gentlemen, we are too far off: Chapside is called to myself by hearing the judge say, (This piece is from the Poetical Works of Robert Story, a volume written throughout a course of more

England, London, Chapside, the bustle in which I moved again as he was speaking, I found latter, I could see as plainly as if looking from
 We fear no war-defying day,
 Though armed for battle still;

"You see the prosecutor, gentlemen," said Buttoning up his great-coat.

"Saw the prosecutor come out of his shop-door,

Out—peace; good-will to men;

For arms, we wait across the waves

The fruits of every clime!

And left his warehouse without staying to fasten his coat and without putting on his gloves. When he had buttoned his great-coat, he took To-hat or no-hat? But, are there states who never cease City—"Peace, good-will to men!"

His appearance.

Of "Peace, good-will to men."

Original Novels.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857,
by Deacon & Petersen, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-
trict Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FALL OF THE CHATEAU.

James d'Armagnac, on leaving the monk and Angela, returned with hasty steps to the postern gate, where stood a sentinel on whose armor the white badge of Armagnac was conspicuously displayed. He spoke to this follower in a subdued tone, and then, passing into the great courtyard, called to him a knight decked like the sentinel with the scarf of his house. Exchanging a few words with this gentleman, the Count retraced his steps and regained the exterior of the narrow gate, just as Antoine Lannois, accompanied by the stranger horseman, presented himself for admittance. James d'Armagnac carelessly returned the low obeisance which the archer made on beholding him, and stalked slowly forward as if about to resume his walk beyond the barriers. He had not proceeded many paces, however, before he heard the challenge of his trusty sentinel:

"Who comes to the postern?"
"It is Antoine Lannois," open," was the archer's response.
"There is a stranger with Antoine Lannois," rejoined the guard, "and I have no power to admit him."

"He brings tidings from the enemy's camp—of great moment to our lord," replied the archer.

James d'Armagnac turned suddenly in his walk, and advanced toward the gate before which sat Antoine Lannois and the stranger, upon steeds that had evidently travelled long and wearily that day.

"Thou art Antoine Lannois, the trusty messenger of my good lord De Varenas? I will answer for thy companion here, if, as thou sayest, he is from the French camp, with tidings!—What, ho! open the postern!" he cried aloud, and as he spoke the gate rolled back, and Antoine Lannois, followed by his companion, was permitted to ride into the courtyard, whither James d'Armagnac immediately followed.

"Now, Antoine Lannois," cried the Count, "haste thee away to the lord De Varenas, while we detain this stranger messenger here, lest he may intend harm to our host."

The archer, surprised at this command, looked around him, and saw that the entire space near the postern entrance was filled by knights and men-at-arms, wearing the scarfs of Armagnac and Burgundy crossed over their armor. At the same time, he saw several guards close about the horseman who had entered with him, separating them completely.

"Noble Count d'Armagnac!" he exclaimed, "this man hath messages for my lord—I pray you permit him to pass in with me."
"Go thou first, Antoine Lannois!" answered the Armagnac chief; "and say to my lord De Varenas that we have this varlet in custody at his disposal."

The archer bowed his head, and galloped across the space which intervened between the postern gate and the northern tower of the castle, wherein were his master's quarters. Here dismounting, he cast a look backward in which alarm and anger were mingled, and then hastened to seek De Varenas. But no sooner had he disappeared, than a dozen strong hands were laid upon the remaining horseman, holding him firmly in his saddle, whilst James d'Armagnac said, briefly—

"Deliver up whatsoever thou hast in message for the lord of this castle, and no harm shall be done thee!"

"I will give up nought, save into the hands of Sir Godfrey de Varenas, wheresoever he be!"
"From whom comest thou?"

"I have nought to utter, save to Sir Godfrey de Varenas," replied the man.

"Have a care! it is vain for thee to resist us! If thou hast papers, deliver them peaceably—or thy life may be the forfeit. Wilt obey, sirrah?"

"I have answered!"

"Unhorse him, instantly!" cried James d'Armagnac, and at once the stalwart hands that had grasped the messenger bore him heavily from his saddle to the ground. It was only for an instant, however, that the man seemed overpowered; for, as the soldiers, releasing their hold of his arms, essayed to unclasp his hauberk, in order to search for whatsoever missile might be concealed beneath, he gained his feet by a powerful effort, and extending his right hand, clutched a ponderous mace that hung at his saddle-bow. The next instant this heavy weapon was whirled rapidly about his head, and descending struck a brace of sentinels prone to the ground. Then, bounding forward through the line of his opponents, who fell back suddenly before his raised mace, the daring stranger rushed across the courtyard in the direction of the tower wherein he had just beheld the archer Antoine enter.

The action was so sudden and energetic that it deserved, though it was not destined to be successful; for, as the messenger's foot passed the threshold of the tower entrance, a dozen of the Armagnac men-at-arms precipitated themselves at once upon him, and dragged him backward to the courtyard, just as Godfrey de Varenas, followed by Antoine Lannois, presented himself at the door which he had sought to reach.

"How! my lord duke! what means this violence to my messenger?" cried De Varenas in a loud voice, as he beheld the mace-bearer struggling in the group of his captors.

But the Duke de Nemours replied not; for his eye was hastily perusing the contents of a packet which one of his knights had plucked from the messenger's bosom, breaking the seal that it bore with as little hesitation as if his lord, James d'Armagnac, were in his own feudal castle.

"Is not that letter for me, sir Count?" con-

tinued De Varenas, in a louder tone, while his forehead grew dark and his glance rested malevolently on his guest.

"Ay, and for me!" returned the Duke de Nemours, as, concluding his rapid scrutiny of the missive, he returned the look of De Varenas with a look as determined as his own. "It is from my royal friend, King Louis, who desires my presence at the camp of Chabannes, in thy good company, Sir Godfrey."

So saying, the Duke de Nemours flung the paper to the ground, and drawing his sword, called out with a loud voice as he brandished it aloft—

"St. James for d'Armagnac!"
And at this, the rallying-cry of his family, a pursuivant who stood near him, placed his trumpet to his lips and blew a sonorous blast which resounded throughout the castle-yard and was echoed by the turrets and the rocks without.

"St. James for d'Armagnac!" responded the wearers of the white scarf, as they appeared running from all directions with weapons in their grasp, summoned by the well-known battle-cries of their chief.

Sir Godfrey de Varenas, on his part, alarmed as well as amazed at the sudden revelation of his treachery which had been made to the Duke de Nemours by the discovery of the King's letter, retreated at once with his followers into the tower from which he had just emerged, and barring its massy gate, prepared to defend it against his justly angered guest. Meantime, James d'Armagnac bade his retainers release the messenger, who, since his overthrow, had been held down upon the ground.

"What is thy name, sirrah?" he demanded, as the mace-bearer staggered to his feet, his forehead bleeding from a wound received in the brief contest. "Thou seem'st 'tis vain to resist; and I would fain permit thee, for thy bravery, to go unharmed."

"I am called Merindat," answered the messenger, wiping away the blood that trickled from his brows with the palm of his broad hand.

"And thou comest from our kind King Louis?"

"I deny it not," returned the man.

"Then, good Merindat, thou shalt go back to this gentle King, and say that James d'Armagnac will right gladly welcome him, if he shall come to Chateau Varenas; but that we cannot yet visit our dear cousin at Loches. Dost comprehend me, sirrah?"

"I hear, my lord!"

"And tell the General Chabannes, that while one stone covers another, James d'Armagnac will hold this mountain keep against him! Say, too, what thou hast seen! that the Duke de Nemours, and not Godfrey de Varenas, is master here!"

Count James d'Armagnac waved his hand in signal that the messenger should be dismissed, half turning as he did so toward the tower into which his false host De Varenas had retreated. At this instant the sharp twang of a bow-string was heard, and an arrow descended from above, whizzing as it flew, and buried its barb in the breast of De Nemours, beneath his raised arm. The knights and soldiers around uttered a wild shout, as they looked upward and beheld the scowling features of Antoine Lannois peering stealthily from an embrasure of the lofty turret.

"I fear I am sped!" said d'Armagnac, as with a strong effort he drew the shaft from his bosom, and staggered back, upheld by two of his knights, whilst a stream of blood gushed from the wound over the white baldric that depended from his shoulders. "But I have those here who will avenge this foul treachery!"

"St. James for Armagnac! and death to De Varenas!" were now the cries that rose from a hundred throats, as the followers of De Nemours grasped their weapons, and prepared for instant attack upon the tower wherein Sir Godfrey had taken refuge. Meantime their lord was assisted into the eastern bastion, which commanded the mountain defile, and to the left of which opened the great gate of the chateau into a courtyard flanked by strong abutments of the two towers. Here his hurt, which, though severe, was soon ascertained to be not

up these same bundles. The women leave off their petticoats, and only wear the "tapia," as it is wet in the fields. In the foreground is a sledge made of bamboo—they are generally used instead of carts. An old buffalo is ploughing in the most beautiful bluish mud—mud that would

gladden the heart of a pig. These paddy fields are surrounded by ridges of earth to keep in the water, and let it flow gently into the next field, which is lower than the first. Each field goes down like small terraces or steps, and in that way one little stream does for any quantity of

mortal, was dressed by a leech, and tight bandages applied to staunch the freely-flowing blood; after which, reclining impatiently upon a couch, the incensed chief gave orders for the movements of his retainers.

During the interval of confusion that followed the treacherous attempt of Antoine Lannois upon the life of De Nemours, the messenger Merindat, seated upon his horse, awaited the opening of the postern-gate to allow him egress from the castle. But the men of Armagnac, absorbed in their lord's peril, gave little heed to the stranger until the Count had been bestowed elsewhere; when, with many rude exclamations, they unclosed the barrier.

"By my faith," said one, as he eyed the mace-bearer with a gloomy expression, "our lord Count, I warrant me, will repent the setting loose of such a knave as thou; but as it is his command, go forth, and the foul fiend speed thee!"

"An' it were not against my lord's command, sirrah," said an archer, who stood near, addressing himself to Merindat, "I would send a shaft after thee, with as good will as that which came from the catiff in thy turret to strike our noble chief. But, go thy ways! Treachery will ever find guerdon at the last!"

The messenger paused not to answer the ob- jurgations of his late opponents, but reining his horse to the open postern was about to pass through, when the tall form of Friar Robert appeared just without, clasping the hand of Angela with whom he had descended from the rocks and waited beyond the barrier until the unclosing of the gate. Radiant as ever, though timidly shrinking at the sight of so many soldiers as now filled the court, the young maiden gleamed suddenly before the eyes of Merindat, the messenger, almost in the path of his steed; and he drew bridle suddenly, lest harm might befall so beautiful a being. But Angela, disengaging her hand from that of Friar Robert, looked up confidently toward the grim rider, and with a smile of artless thanks tripped under the arched portal, and glided quickly amid the men-at-arms, who made way upon either side till she had passed beyond their sight.

"Now, get thee gone, bringer of evil!" cried the knight who had charge of the postern, as he struck the messenger's steed upon its flank with his naked sword. But Merindat, instead of obeying the mandate, let fall his bridle upon the animal's neck, and springing once more to the ground, exclaimed with emphasis—

"Messieurs! as bringer of evil, mayhap, I did come to this castle; but neither as spy nor traitor. That foul treachery hath been intended to your lord, I do well believe; and I deem it shame to those who practice it. Furthermore, I desire to release me from share in whatever may happen to this castle, which is to fall this night into the hands of General Chabannes."

"How, sirrah! dost thou dare make jest of us, having but now escaped with thy wretched life!" exclaimed the knight.

"I speak what is true, sir knight," returned Merindat; "if you will look up to yonder turret-top, you shall perceive the signal of the lord De Varenas, a yellow scarf upon a pike's head."

"And what means that?" demanded the knight, as he glanced upward, and beheld the signal-pennant fluttering above the turret.

"I know naught concerning this castle or its defenders," answered the mace-bearer; "but if yonder be the southern tower, it is that which is to be attacked by General Chabannes, and the lord De Varenas is to leave open a postern that overlooks the precipice."

"Hah!" cried the knight, laying his hand upon the messenger's arm, and grasping it violently; "come with me at once to our lord Count. If thou liest, thy head shall roll over yonder precipice. De Varenas holds this southern tower, and—"

There was no further colloquy between the knight and messenger; for at that instant a blast of trumpets echoed from the defiles beneath the castle, which led upward from the hamlet of De Varenas; and immediately afterwards a great tumult was noticeable upon the walls and bastions of the main building, now in possession of the Armagnacs, whilst Sir Godfrey, with nearly

all his followers, were shut up in the southern tower. Archers and men-at-arms ran at once from the courtyard to gain positions whence they could behold what had caused the alarm, and the knight, still maintaining his hold of Merindat, turned with the rest to a flight of steps leading to the walls above the moat and portcullis. Arrived thither, the meaning of the alarm which had been heard was made at once manifest, in the discovery without of a score of Count d'Armagnac's retainers, who had been posted in the village, and who now appeared engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with a multitude of French soldiers, against whom they were disputing the highest defile of the gorge that ascended to the castle's gate. The embouchure of this defile was scarcely two hundred yards from the walls, and it was there that the Armagnacs, wearied and bleeding from many wounds, had halted to make a last stand against the pursuing French, at the same time sounding their trumpets to arouse their comrades in the chateau.

Count d'Armagnac, pale and feeble from the loss of blood, had nevertheless risen from his couch upon hearing the trumpet-blast, and was now upon the ramparts in the midst of his knights and retainers. He gave instant orders for a sortie, turning to the knight who held Merindat's arm, with the command to head the rally—

"Sir Bernard Hericourt! go forth, and cover the retreat of those brave men! Hah! was not this man dismissed?" he asked, in recognizing the mace-bearer.

"Speak for thyself, sirrah! I must away!" cried Hericourt, as, brandishing his sword, he hurried to the main gate of the chateau, where were already mustered three score men, impatient to succor their fellow soldiers now fighting without. Meantime, Merindat pointing to the yellow scarf upon the southern turret, hastily disclosed to the Duke the danger which was to be feared from that quarter.

"De Varenas is in possession! ah! I see it now!" cried the Count d'Armagnac! "The southern tower defends the rocks from escalade; and if there be no defence, the precipice may be easily mounted! It is a plot worthy of crafty King Louis and his base henchmen. But, ah! by Heaven! we shall not be caught without blood-spilling! Ho! Pierre Beauvois! Jacques Carlelet!" he cried, beckoning impatiently to a couple of youths, who stood at a little distance, watching him attentively. "Get me a dozen stacks of straw, and put fire to yonder tower wherein the traitors harbor! By the Lord who made me, Godfrey de Varenas shall rue his treachery to James d'Armagnac! Haste ye! and let the red flame be another signal to Chabannes that he is expected!"

The two youths hurried away, whilst Count d'Armagnac, leaning on the arm of a knight who attended him, walked feebly back to his couch. Merindat remained standing near the rampart, where he could look towards the gorge, and behold Sir Bernard Hericourt, with his three score men, plunge downward, shouting and brandishing their weapons till, meeting the press of hostile forces in the narrow defile, they bore it backward, as an avalanche clears its path through a hill-side forest. In a few moments the blast of a trumpet echoed triumphantly from the gorge, and Hericourt reappeared in the van of his men-at-arms, escorting their rescued comrades to the castle-gates, which opening widely admitted them, and then drawing upon the fixed portcullis, barred the approach of all others.

But little time had the returned Armagnacs to bestow in gratulations; for Pierre Beauvois and Jacques Carlelet had already fulfilled the behest of their lord in collecting great stacks of straw, which they piled against the oaken door of the southern tower. Presently the flames were seen to arise, and in a few moments the courtyard was filled with clouds of smoke puffed back by the wind, while a dozen men plied their arms in bringing more fuel to cast upon the increasing pile of fire.

The besieged De Varenas, however, was not the last to discover the danger which threatened his strong refuge. Already, in the plateau and rocks commanded by the south tower, he could mark the movement of troops which, in recognition of his signal, had been despatched by General Chabannes to ascend the heights; a task difficult, it was true, and impossible to accomplish against any well-ordered defence; but, assisted by those above, of comparatively little danger. The precipice over which the tower partially hung, and which formed its firm foundation, was almost perpendicular, and no human foot could find hold upon its steep and smooth face; but adown this cliff, at the present time, De Varenas had caused strong ropes to be lowered, notched with loops, wherein the feet of climbers might catch; and with these aids to escalation, there were few obstacles to overcome, save the rough and uneven rocks and shelving base of the mountain itself. The southern tower, if held by men determined to defend it, could resist an army approaching upon this side; because, from its ramparts and embrasures, great stones might be rolled down to sweep whole ranks away, and arrows, flaming brands, and vessels filled with boiling pitch and oil, hurled thickly down, would speedily make an end of an assaulting party, even before it reached the base of the smooth precipice, above which there was no foothold. In the present case, however, when the besieged were in understanding with the besiegers, the southern tower offered only aid to those who were approaching it.

But Godfrey de Varenas, though aware that Chabannes' soldiers were coming speedily to his relief, beheld with great apprehension the preparations made to assault his strong-hold with the fearful power of fire. He heard the blazing straw crackling at the tower's base, saw its flames rising higher and higher, and very soon began to breathe the smoke, which, penetrating of the interior, ascended to the loftiest chamber of the turret, wherein were his own quarters. He gave rapid orders to those who were near him to collect heavy missiles of every sort, pour out water upon the burning straw, and heat pitch and oil in order to cast forth upon the soldiers who filled the courtyard. At the same time he directed his bowmen to discharge their arrows at intervals through the embrasures and loop holes whenever they could with certainty inflict injury upon the Armagnacs. But the first flight of arrows, wounding a few of the Count's retainers, only enraged their comrades to a pitch of greater violence. Henceforth they mustered under the knights, and with renewed determination brought every appliance of assault to bear against the southern tower. Rearing with great labor two immense beams, crossed at the top, and forming a sort of belfry, they affixed strong ropes to the apex, and swung by these ropes a horizontal timber, thus making a battering ram or catapult of prodigious force, which they drew back to the extent of the ropes, and then projected with terrible impetus against the oaken door already weakened by the flames. In vain the soldiers within poured boiling pitch and water upon the heads of those without. The Armagnacs, experienced in a hundred sieges, raised wooden shields that completely sheltered their persons, and under cover of these approached near enough to add constant fuel to the fire, and to work the machine which they had erected, dealing fierce shocks against the quivering postern. At length the oaken barrier gave way with a loud crash, and the Armagnacs rushed forward to dash away the blazing faggots and carry the tower by assault. At this crisis, however, the voice of James d'Armagnac, from a window of the opposite tower, was heard in sudden command—

"Fall back, men of Armagnac! Let the fox be smothered in his hole! Stain not your swords with the blood of the traitor, but let him burn at the stake he has chosen for himself!"

The words of their chief were received with a shout of vindictive approbation; and the Armagnacs, abandoning their intention of assault, collected more straw and faggots, and cast them into the shattered doorway, causing the flames to communicate to the interior, igniting the oaken staircase and wood work nearest to the ground. In a few moments smoke and flames were seen to arise within, breaking speedily through the embrasures of the tower above;

while the hiss of the water which the besieged threw constantly down the staircase, mingled with the crackle of fire on the inflammable timbers that composed the interior strength of the bastion. At this moment the peal of a trumpet announced a renewed assault upon the main tower by the soldiers of Chabannes, and the Armagnac men, obeying their knights, hurried to defend the ramparts. Thus attacked by the forces of Count de Dammartin without, and forced to wage battle against his treacherous host within, the Duke de Nemours, wounded and exhausted from the loss of blood, reclined upon a rude pallet in a chamber which opened upon the ramparts. Beside him a single page remained, the remainder of the Armagnacs being engaged in repelling the main assault in front, and endeavoring to destroy the southern tower in order to once to punish the meditated treason and prevent its execution.

"Boy, Louis!" cried the Count impatiently, after listening a while to the shouts without, "look quickly through yon embrasure, and say what thou seest."

"I see the pass filled with soldiers wearing the straight cross of the King," replied the page. "They fill the gorge, and their armor glances high up on the rocks. Now they advance to the gate, and now—"

"Ay!—Hericourt is there, and sallies forth—is it not so?"

"All our brave knights and men-at-arms!" cried the page, enthusiastically; "they rush upon the French! they beat them back! Oh, my God! the good knight—he is killed!"

"Who is killed?—not Hericourt!" exclaimed Count James, starting up.

"Alas! they drag him from under the horses! I fear he is killed."

"Go—go, boy, at once, and learn the truth! Hericourt must not die!"

The page glanced at his master, who appeared greatly agitated, and then left the chamber. Immediately afterwards a noise of many footsteps was heard, and several men-at-arms rushed into the room.

"Most noble Count! the French are in the castle! They have scaled the southern tower, and are casting water on the flames below."

"And Hericourt! speak!"

"He is slain!"

"Then I must no longer stay here! Ho, knaves! get me my horse, and we will cut our way through the heart of Chabannes' camp! My horse! varlets! my horse!"

As he said this Count James sprang to the floor, while heavy drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. The amazed men-at-arms made way before him, as seizing his heavy sword he appeared in the courtyard.

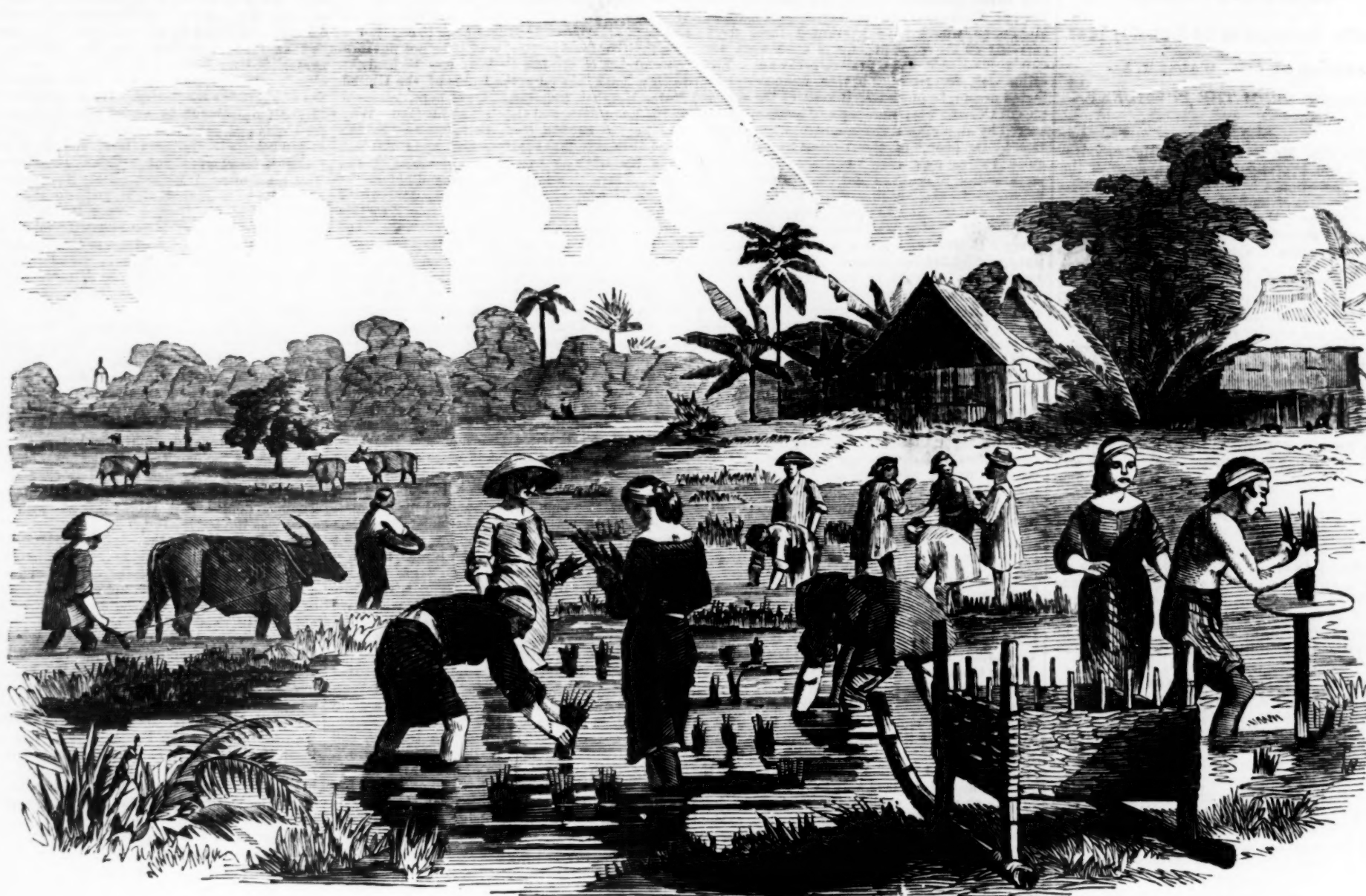
"Now let all who are in this castle follow their lord to freedom or sacrifice!" he cried, as he gained the saddle of the steed which was brought to him. "Ho! men-at-arms—knights—archers! all! St. James for d'Armagnac! follow your lord!"

The courtyard and ramparts were crowded with Armagnacs, standing ready to defend the walls and cover the retreat of their friends engaged in the last sortie; but at the call of their lord they hastily grasped their weapons and ranged themselves behind him, each upon his steed. Even the archers who had remained at the base of the southern tower, piling up stones and timbers against its portal, which they covered with flaming straw, now left the refuge of De Varenas to its occupants alone, and crowded to the ranks of their comrades. In another moment the whole troop clattered over the draw-bridge, and bore down upon the press of men that filled the gorge, shouting the battle cry of their house—"St. James for d'Armagnac!" Down they swept, swiftly and with steady closeness, their leader's eyes averring but once from the enemy; and that was when the face of Sir Bernard Hericourt, all bruised and bleeding, met his gaze, as it lay, turned upward, in the path of his comrades.

The headlong violence of the sortie bore everything before it; and the Armagnacs who were fighting in the gorge, recognizing the form of their chief, felt their courage revived, as, falling aside for a moment, they closed immediately behind the reinforcement, and shouting the war cry, poured impetuously down the narrow slope. In a brief space Chabannes' detachment was beaten backward, and forced to the advanced posts in the hamlet of Varenas.

The chateau was now entirely deserted by the Armagnacs, while the followers of De Varenas were confined to the upper chambers and turrets of the southern tower, the foundation of which was now girt by flames that held complete possession of the woodwork within. Upon the turrets of the tower, particularly, could be marked a crowd of armed men, wearing the colors of France. These were soldiers of Chabannes, who had gained the height by escalade, only to find their further progress debarred by the fiery element that was fast consuming the base of the building, and threatening the destruction of those above. At the same time it was apparent that not only this tower but the whole castle would soon be involved in ruin; for already fragments of blazing straw, carried by a strong wind, had communicated the fire to other inflammable portions of the fortress, which were now scorched and crackling under the increasing heat. Thrice had De Varenas and his retainers endeavored to descend and make a sortie through the fire, but were forced up again by clouds of stifling smoke; till at length, at the moment Count James, at the head of the Armagnacs, essayed his last and desperate onset through the gorge, the false Sir Godfrey, beholding flames shoot upward through the floors beneath him, saw that his southern tower was no longer tenable, and gave orders for instant escape to the rocks by means of the ropes which had aided the King's soldiers in their escalade. Little time in truth remained; for twilight was fast replacing the light of day, and clouds of smoke began to envelope the chateau, amid which, at intervals, appeared lurid flashes that denoted the path of the flames, as, igniting the worm-eaten flooring and rafters, they spread steadily from tower to bastion. Sir Godfrey de Varenas saw that his treachery to Count James was to cost him at least his mountain castle; and as he abandoned the turret with his followers, to descend the precipitous rocks, he cursed the baleful star which, to his superstitious mind, appeared to rule his fortunes.

But while De Varenas was thus driven from the southern tower; while the fire slowly but surely attacked the main structure; while the great gate stood open wide, and the draw-bridge over which the Armagnacs had rushed upon their enemies, was now guarded by no sentinel; while ramparts and courtyard were deserted



RICE PLANTING IN MANILLA.

THE VISIONS OF ARSENIUS.

Twinkled the innumerable sea and sail—
 In coves and coves
 Staying to tend the maimed dogs, are menial
 To signify to those who trust to land
 With proud tumultuous honours
 doors!
 Vainly; banality, truth, love—these three—
 To those high portals are the only key
 —N. Y. Chronicle

"Never," cried a hoarse voice, with protina-
 tal accent; "I'm danged if I thee lan't a cool
 mand, anyway."
 "This was the keeper. I saw how the case
 ANECDOTE OF TRISTAM BURGESS

"Do you think I am poaching, my good man?" he had asked half-a-way across —
"I got out upon one bank, as the giant, speech-
less weather-
and given out in this very spot. As I continued
game, in committee of the whole, Mr. Bir-
gates, in committee of the whole, Mr. Bir-

"But how do I know as these boys the fight man is named began?" asked he obstinately. "A cold sweat began to bead me, for I had not thought it necessary to bring out my stalling-
"Right man," cried I indignantly: "of course I illustrate, what would they think of me if I strike at the innocent habitué of the people? To
and that all men are cruel and oppressive that, established habits become second nature,

thing. At last, in the near neighborhood of the blue coat with a velvet collar, learnt him to think itself! I came upon a little pond surrounded by trees: the grass was so numerous as they absolutely darkened the water. I had only edged my way upon the emery, and behold! I found and easily in a moment (and I am not a child) told us, in a speech some days ago, that

The family for four-and-twenty hours, although Baker tried to make out that it was all owing to the exigence of his case. At four o'clock much of who was cunningly interrupted an evening or two ago. He was industriously jangling with a young and very handsome widow, whom someone remarked that Mr. Malins more resembled than on the day she married the keeper, rather than ever, pale with grief.

We have a bachelor friend that we think was no backing out in the matter:

"Thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of herring if he knows what fish," repeated the keeper, as he was going to cry.

"Yes," added I; "and all out of one little bit."

"Mean? why, sir, a writ of progredier is a—"

"What would I want?"

"I wish to know what the meat by self will progredier?"

Here we was interrupted by the opposite countess.

"Writ of progredier, sir, and w—"

"But on this court decides against us, we'll die!"

I never had. And this was the only really good day's fishing the slow-pod, in his friend B's private stream. Upon my counterpane: "he's been a-fishing in direct with her, at her own house, three times week for thirty years."

| | |
|---|---------------|
| others, founded on fact. In the year 1900, my | |
| poultry yard cost me— | |
| In stock | \$39.96 |
| In food for fowls | 39.91 |
| It produced in eggs | 31.92 |
| In manure | 5.00 |
| In stock at close | 50.00—\$89.99 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| In 1851, the yard contained in stock | 51. |
| in food | 65. |
| Total | 116. |
| It produced 385 dozen eggs, worth | 48. |
| .. 3 loads of manure | 51. |
| .. 3 loads of bird's droppings | 11. |

low five cents a pound. I shall eat poultry henceforth.—CONNECTICUT YANKEE, in American Agriculturist.

CIVILIZATION IN THE ENGLISH MINING DISTRICTS

POINTS OF AN AYSHIRKE COM.

Her back hurt and straight, with the spine well de-
flected; she was bent forward at the hips, her head
dropped her short, rather roughly, and
she took the passage. I let her alone, not
worrying her with their rule, for I don't meddle
with the police. Reminding police works in a
way, which we must let alone; but
much mistaken if intercourse with
large;

Body deep as the flanks, and milk veins full and
large;
Hill more and arched, like the ribs of a large;
Joined;
Especially where the back, neck and shoulders are
joined;

And when viewed from the side they will have a
And when viewed from the side they will have a
And when viewed from the side they will have a

As much as the order as between them is pointed;
Her legs about the short; and the bones, fine and
element.

The pointer of the latter being drawn and kept;
Skin soft and elastic as a cushion of straw;

GALLS ON HORSES.—An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is bad economy to use poor horses. The collar, especially, should always be in good condition. It should be frequently washed and oiled; an occasional pound

[illegible][illegible]

| | | |
|-------|----------|--|
| about | \$100.00 | Care being taken to retain the soil around their roots light and free from weeds. |
| found | \$8.75 | should have far fewer complaints of want- success in this department of pomological |

0—making a total cost for the county, for
the operation, \$250, or ten of
some relief, and I think the
Post as good relief
as can be found.

Useful Receipts.

—*London Field.*

and in abundance along the ditches, roads, and barn-yards, is an effectual and efficient destroyer of the bedbug. A strong decoction of the herb, and the places infested with it. The plant, with much advantage, be studied to insect well washed with it. The plant

er, being very careful not to wring or
silk. After being dipped in the water,
and a line until it stops dripping; then
neatly and carefully between the folds
er, and iron until quite dry. Then unfo
er, and you will find it difficult to disti

and, has a decided tendency to exhaust the land, and make it altogether unproductive after the first crop.

The Rivalry

am composed of 13 letters.
1, 2, 7, 10, 3, is a pronoun.
2, 5, 7, 6, is a useful ornament.
3, 1, 2, 3, 6, is used in medicine.
4, 7, 10, 1, 3, 6, is one of the seasons
5, 6, 3, 10, 13, is an enclosure
6, 2, 9, 8, 3, is a river in Europe.

10. 2, 12, 11, 1, is a town in England.
11. 12, 6, 3, 8, is a county in Virginia.
12. 12, 6, 3, 8, is a county in Virginia.
13. 16, 13, 6, is a sea in Asia.
14. 17, 7, 6, 8, is a county in Texas.
15. 2, 12, 11, 1, is a town in England.
16. 2, 12, 11, 3, is a river in Europe.
17. 5, 16, 1, is a county in Kentucky.
18. 12, 6, 3, 8, is a county in Virginia.

Two men sit with cards in hand
Playing for glittering ore;
The game is done, and all things reckoned
The winner is he who holds my sword.
We read upon historic page—
Of many noble men and true;
Who gained opposition war did wage

My first and last omits, and strange to say,
brighter to rear; but not to tame;
The only then remains: how is this, pray?
L. A. Laburg, Pa.

e my 1, 4, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am
 a meadow,
 e my 1, 5, 6, 8, and I am an animal of S
 America,
 e my 1, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a tra
 ncontinent,
 e my 1, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am wh

5. Dean Hl.
4. Green Hl.
3. ...
10. I am corn.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST

THE PIANO TUNE.—Why does a pianist like the conditional mood of the second and third? Ans.—Because it's made of wood (would be).

and the boy gave for knocking his father
"He stood so fair I couldn't help it."